

# The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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WHOLE NO. 138.

## Poetry.

### FAITH TREMBLING.

If I were only made  
Patient, and calm, and pure, as angels are,  
I had not been so doubtful—sore afraid  
Of sin and care;  
It would seem sweet and good  
To bear the heavy cross that martyrs take.  
The passion and the praise of womanhood,  
For my Lord's sake,  
But strong, and fair, and young,  
I dread my glowing limbs—my heart of fire,  
My soul that trembles, like a harp full strung,  
To keen desire!  
Oh, wild and idle words!  
Will God's large charity and patience be  
Given unto butterflies and singing birds,  
And not to me! MARY ANNE DE VERE.

### A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate with thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,  
Before I let thy future give  
Color and form to mine,  
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night  
for me.  
I break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
A shadow of regret;  
Is there one link within the past  
That holds thy spirit yet?  
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can  
pledge to thee?  
Does there within thy dimmest dreams  
A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe  
Untouched, unshared by mine?  
If so, at any pain or cost, O tell me before all is lost.  
Look deeper still. If thou canst feel  
Within thy inmost soul  
That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have staked the whole;  
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell  
me so.  
Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine cannot fulfill?  
One chord that any other hand  
Could better wake or still?  
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life  
wither and decay.  
Lives there within thy nature hid  
The demon-spirit change,  
Shedding a passing glory still  
On all things new and strange?  
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart  
against thy own.  
Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day  
And answer to my claim,  
That fate, and that to-day's mistake—  
Not thou—had been to blame?  
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely  
warn and save me now.  
Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,  
The words would come too late;  
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,  
So comfort thee, my fate!  
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I would  
risk it all! ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

### IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow  
And blackberry vines are running.  
Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial;  
The charcoal frescoes on its walls,  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing.  
Long years ago a winter's sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lit up its western window-panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.  
It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.  
For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled,  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.  
Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered,  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered,  
He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the trembling of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.  
"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—  
"Because, you see, I love you!"  
Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!  
He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her—because they love him.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## Miscellany.

### UNBOUND.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS,

Principal of the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and  
Dumb and the Blind.

Tacitus tells us that the ancient Celts admitted their women to their assemblies and councils, because it was their opinion that there was, in the female sex, something more than ordinarily holy. We have lately read a very interesting work entitled "Woman's Suffrage—The Reform against Nature." Almost every page of it glitters with proofs that its author, like the ancient Celts, believes that in the female sex there is something more than ordinarily holy; therefore, he claims that woman

should not be admitted to the assemblies and councils of the men. The ancient barbarian and the modern doctor of divinity both clearly perceive the extraordinary holiness of woman, but their diametrically opposite inferences from that fact only furnish another illustration of what astonishingly different conclusions different minds draw from the same premises.

Very curious ideas have been entertained with regard to the proper position of woman. The Greeks kept their married women in almost constant seclusion. They deprived them of all the educating influence of male society, and robbed themselves of all the refining influence of the best female society.

Thucydides spoke the opinions of his countrymen when he said that a woman's highest merit was, not to be spoken of either for good or for evil—not to be spoken of at all. Think of that, ye women of the nineteenth century, who are talked of every day in the year, and every hour in the day, by more tongues than Greece ever held. Think once of never being talked of, or worse still, of never having a chance to talk about any one outside of your own households.

Phidias represented the heavenly Aphrodite in sculptured marble, standing on a tortoise, thereby signifying that perfect seclusion, perfect isolation from every thing outside the narrowest circle, was the best possible condition for woman. The coming woman of the present age will not accept the back of a tortoise as her platform, nor can she see heavenly felicity in perfect seclusion. We only know what the men of ancient times thought of such arrangements. It is only in comparatively recent times that the opinion of woman herself as to her position and rights has been considered a matter of any consequence. There is now unmistakable evidence that woman has an opinion on all those questions with regard to which she has so long been taught to keep silence.

"*Dux femina facti*"—a woman a leader of the deed—was the boast of Queen Dido over the city she had founded; and these same words might be applied to many a worthy deed that has been done under the leadership of woman.

To follow her liege lord at a very respectful distance has long been thought a sufficiently exalted destiny for her. Neither she nor those who best appreciate her are now satisfied to have her continue forever in such courses as men mark out for her. Woman is to-day demanding for herself absolute equality with man. She asks the opportunity to qualify herself for any and every pursuit for which she feels that she is specially adapted. She protests against having any avenue to usefulness, to emolument or to fame closed against her by reason of her sex. She asks the ballot, and the right to hold office, if she chooses, on the same terms that men do; that is, when called thereto by the votes of her constituents.

She has long been bound by custom, by public opinion, and by the laws of the land, and she now asks to be unbound. To timid conservatives she seems a blind Samson, who, if once unbound, will throw her arms about the pillars of society, and pull down the whole fabric, burying all that is beautiful and womanly in her own character beneath the ruins. To unbind woman, and to admit her to equal participation with man, in all the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, is, indeed, to introduce an entirely new element into politics, into legislation, into education, into religion, in short, into all the influences that control society.

The character of this new element is, therefore, a matter of no little consequence. Ask the Oriental what he thinks about the character and the value of woman, and he will tell you that every evil that afflicts the human race had its origin with her. He makes the period of purification twice as long after the birth of a female child as after that of a male, and he buys his bride of her father. In ancient times the bride of the Orient was always sold; we, occidental moderns, are more just than that; with us it is sometimes the groom who is sold.

In the ascetic age, the monk would have told you that woman was the chief source of temptation to man; that she was the door of hell, and the mother of all human ills. He would have said that woman should be ashamed of her sex, her dress, and her beauty, for the last was the devil's most potent instrument of mischief. Woman, the inferior of man in everything, particularly in goodness, has been the creed of the past. That of the present age is, that woman is man's superior in goodness, however much he may surpass her in other respects; and the latter opinion is, doubtless, the honest truth. It has been said that men lean most to stern justice, and women to mercy. We need justice *and* mercy combined in our legislation; and because woman is better than man—because her moral sentiments are more active—because less of selfishness, and more of charity and goodness, enter into her character—because she has deeper faith, and higher religious instincts, we would give her the ballot, and thereby introduce a purer element into the corrupted currents of political life. There never has been a time when political questions were so largely moral questions as now. You can hardly start a subject for political action, in the discussion of which you do not also start questions involving moral principles and moral obligations.

Knowledge is not the great want of society in the present age; it is honesty. Men know enough; they have never known as much as they do to-day, and knowledge has never been as widely diffused as now. There is no lack either of brains or of enterprise among men. Ripe experience, high culture, energy, activity, power of every kind, are to be found in rich abundance; and these qualities give character to masculine legislation. What is most needed in politics is an enlightened conscience—a high moral purpose. Says the politician to the clergyman who presumes to apply divine truth to current events, "stick to the gospel, and let our business alone; you have no right to bring politics into religion, for heaven knows we have never brought any religion into politics."

Now it is the presence of the moral element

that gives lustre and dignity to political affairs; it is its absence that makes an assemblage of party politicians so much like a cage of unclean beasts. We say, then, let women vote, not only because they need the ballot, but also because society can ill afford to keep bound up in useless seclusion all the moral influence that woman, with political power in her hands, could exert in giving a right direction to legislation.

### THE FIRST YEARS.

BY SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON.

"Our courtship was a very happy one, but our married life has been delightful!" said a friend to me. I think this comes to be the experience of the majority of married people. Suppose one out of ten is divorced, and three more are made miserable by whiskey and immorality, six really happy families out of every ten make up an enormous amount of joy in life. People grow into happiness as they learn unselfishness and self-control.

The first years of married life are seldom or never the pleasantest; indeed, it is questionable if many "first years" are very pleasant. The young husband has been beloved in his own home, made to believe that he holds a much more important place in life than he actually does, is apt to be domineering, egotistical, and particular, and speaks his mind freely if shirt bosoms are not nicely ironed and food not cooked to his taste. He has seen life so early in these progressive days that he has none too much real respect for women.

The young wife has been petted and nearly spoiled at home, not taught to labor, is often careless about her person and room till late in the day, gets all her wants supplied by teasing or pouting, is taught to think money the end and aim of living, and that if a man wants to marry a housekeeper, he had better look elsewhere.

There are many things about him, and womanly things about her; things that make both attractive and lovable. They meet. They see only the bright side. They study each other only as some little things develop day by day under the pretty tyrant love. They scarcely ask, are they fitted for each other, or for life's duties? Will she make a helpmeet, or he have energy enough to provide for their daily needs? They mature their plans together; they are satisfied in each others society; life is full to them. They hardly awake to the knowledge that they are living till they communicate their love, and then the prosy considerations of a cage for the bird, the wedding outfit, etc., bring them down to earth; yet, it is nearly all poetry, and both see through a glass darkly. She marries her ideal man; he his ideal woman; both expect too much, and both are disappointed. The climax, possession, is reached, and both return naturally to something of the old way of living. Before the honeymoon is over, she has shed her tears, and he drawn down the corners of his mouth in a fretted way, and left her to her reflections.

They come back to board, which, with the kindest boarding-mistress in the world, is only a pent-up way of merely staying on earth. They are beginning to live their first years of married life.

With little to take her time, she waits impatiently for noon and night to bring him.

Sometimes he comes late to meals; the shade on the hostess' face tells her annoyance; the wife's quick sympathies go to the husband, lest he be censured by others, while in their own room she sometimes blames him for his lack of thought. Now and then she waits long at the window for his coming in the evening; counts the stars; thinks over the days before they were married; wishes almost that she was home again, where she could lean upon her mother; counts the quarter hours by the town clock; wonders where he is; fancies he may love somebody else; that he is making merry with his friends while she sits in solitude, cries till she feels sick at heart, undresses slowly, and retires. At last he comes home, whistling as though nothing had happened, sorry he has made her feel badly; was only at the lodge or the club; never thought to tell her he was going, and staid longer than he intended.

After boarding a year or more, being shut up in one or two rooms, never having friends visit them without feeling that they were unwelcome, having learned, what all boarders and boarding-mistresses learn by experience, that there is little or no living about it, they take a cozy home and commence housekeeping. The wife, unused to domestic care, does not take it easily, dinners are not promptly served, the husband finds dust on table and piano, thinks she is indolent, and she, in turn, thinks him inconsiderate. He wants her to attend a party or a concert. From force of habit she is longer in dressing than he thinks she needs to be; he has waited fifteen minutes longer than he ever waited before. When he was courting, the time seemed short from the expected pleasure of meeting her. He chides her gently, he thinks, for her delay; it pains her. The evening is an attempt on both sides to cover up real feelings, and the walk home is a silent and sad one. She was tired and nervous when married. She had consumed the best of her vitality in the absurd practice of "getting ready;" spending months over linen and cotton, valuable time and sight, and nobody to thank her for it. She was poorly fitted to begin married life. Her strength nearly gives way. She looks pale and fades fast. He wonders where the red in her cheeks has gone, and sees visions in the future of a sick wife on his hands. She appears languid—grows careless about her dress. He wants her to look as prettily for him now as in the past; wishes she would not be dull and prosy! She is not all he had hoped or fancied; he very different from the perfect man she had pictured and idolized. She never knew he could find fault; never knew his face could wear anything for her but a smile; never supposed him selfish or exacting; never knew he could stay away evenings, and prefer any pleasure to her society; never supposed he could get tired, and quiet, and taciturn, and want his home for no purpose but eating and sleeping. They question their love for each other; there is not the perfect satisfaction there was before marriage. A lady friend at the South determined to separate from her husband after a wedding tour of three weeks. A good woman who had lived happily with her husband and given him back to his God, reasoned with her; assured her that she was only living over the experience of thousands; that it was not strange that two persons reared in different homes should not harmonize at once. They are now living together happily. When a

young girl, I heard one of the prominent ladies of an Eastern city say, that "it took young married people a year or more to assimilate their tastes, and live pleasantly!" I thought she must be one among a million. I have learned that the million feel about the same.

By-and-by, things are made for a little treasure that is to come into their house. Both begin to feel a common interest. He grows more kind, careful, and tender. She grows happier as she lives again under the glow of the love she needs and must have, and when the young mother has passed safely through her first great struggle, he forgets the weakness of his nature, and is again the man she admired and loved. Then come the weary days of caring for the baby; by day and by night, she carries, and feeds, and comforts the child. With little sleep, and less strength, four or six months find her paler and thinner than ever; irritable from over-work; thoughtless, perhaps, of her husband's happiness, annoyed that she does not receive his help more when she ought to sleep, sensitive if left alone by him, fearful, lest he take life too easily when she is taking it so hard. He does not remember that she works as hard as he through the day, that he is stronger, and should relieve her just as far as possible during the night. How many times have I seen wives rising from their beds, not having had more than two or three hours' sleep, tired, and almost broken down, and their husband's fresh, and ready for business. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ," was meant for the household as much as for the church. Do not let a woman's love die out, for it is seldom or never rekindled.

The months go by. The child needs governing. The father is very willing now, too willing, to lend a helping hand. The mother's heart is touched; she rather receive the blows herself. Cutting words pass between them, and the reconciliation comes, perhaps, on their knees before their God. They are finding out that love alone has not made their married life perfect; that religion is necessary; that both need forbearance, need self-control, need charity, need to lose themselves in each other.

When the second child is given them, they have generally learned how to live. Their tastes have become assimilated; they are one in heart and soul; they have reached a higher plane; they have made the physical subordinate, and the mental and moral triumphant. They read together, they work together, they have passed through the trying past of married life; they have come to its real beauty; they are realizing, for the most part, what they looked forward to before they entered their "first years."

### OUR DAY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It is a well-known law in physics that in order to obtain a correct view of it, we must be removed a certain distance from a given object. If we only recognized and applied this truth in our mental and moral world, we should be a great deal the wiser for it.

The majority of mankind are so dreadfully short-sighted. They see the inch beyond their nose very clearly, but when it comes to anything further, are like Tennyson's "black bat night," which, by the way, some critic

pronounces an inadequate and far-fetched metaphor.

We sit in judgment on characters and events. I fancy the inch of space which occupies our vision the whole truth.

If God's angels above us have any large sense of the humorous, what food for mirth must be afforded them by the way we carry on our little rush-lights of opinions, all the time fancying these radiant suns, which leave no remotest corner of the truth unrevealed.

How different "Our Day" seems to us from what it will to those who look back upon it from the hill-tops of another century!

We are in the midst of the dust and toil and grime—our ears are stunned by the brazen trumpets, and our eyes by the glare and the heats; but they, who, standing upon the tablelands of another hundred years, will look back and see the soft atmosphere in which our present lies, and hearing, across those distances of time, the floating melodies of its voices, will find in them something beautiful, true and heroic, to which our own ears and eyes will always be holden.

Do you suppose any age ever seemed heroic to the common-place people who lived in it?

Is it at all likely that any man ever appeared a god among his kind to those who saw him every day, and knew that he eat and drank once, and laid down and rose up, and actually used soap and water, like every other mortal?

It is impossible that any human life should, in its every day aspects, differ so widely from its cotemporaries as to appear in their eyes surrounded by any divine aureole.

When, for instance, William Shakspeare went to Lily's Grammar School, and shouted and tumbled with the other boys on the grassy banks of the Avon, I do not suppose the son of the Stratford bailiff seemed to his playfellows a particle their superior. I fancy them having their games, races, their matches with ball, and bow and arrow; their honest friendships; their plucky little bouts, and leading their brave hearty English boy life, never knew by the faintest prescience that one in their midst, loud and merry at race or game as the best of them, was to wear the immortal laurels, and stand alone on the shining summits the poet of all the ages!

Ah! what would we not give to-day for the old cap which the boy wore as he went o' summer mornings through the dewy English daisy fields to the grammar school, or the old coat which he tore, as he raced and shouted with the boys on the banks of the blue river, he had made immortal as himself!

There was Milton, too. The blind poet, with the grand old head, sitting in that dark little parlor before his organ at midnight, while that mighty poem rolled its solemn marches through his thoughts!

Do you suppose that old, sick, persecuted, poverty-stricken man seemed a hero to half-a-dozen people in the world?

Did the air, too, of that age seem tremulous with the great tragedies, which have just passed, to the people that trudged to market, and bought and sold, and acted their part on the stage of human life, nobly and manly, well and ill, as we are doing a little later. But for all that, the battle-fields of Hasbly and Marston Moore were not yet historic, and one of that wretched quartette of royal Stuarts had paid down on the scaffold the price of his craft and crime, and Oliver Cromwell had acted before the eyes of hushed and fright-

ened nations that grand work which had shaken every throne of Europe with sudden trembling, and the strong brave heart worn out at last, have gone to its rest.

"Oh, if John Milton could only have lived a few years longer, and beheld the day when William of Orange rode with his brave fleet at anchor in Torbay, and the morning for which the blind old poet had watched so long, rose at last over the England that he loved," he said not long ago.

And somebody who sat near us answered with words that silenced us—somebody, too, whose soul thrills to-day with the old loyalty of Milton's to truth and humanity. "Do you suppose he knew any the less about that because he was dead?"

"Our Day" may hold no Shakspeare's nor Milton's, but be sure it has its heroes for the time to be.

This seventieth summer of the nineteenth century goes "humming and shining along its radiant circle of months.

To us, who walk through them, it may be full of care, and delving, and disappointments, of wear and pettiness, and all the harsh discords of life, but be sure that it has its shining garments and its song of praise for other ages.

### SIGHTS IN VIENNA.

BY MARY SAFFORD.

Paradise Garden is one of the many lovely nooks of this bustling, heated city, where the weary repose after the labors of the day are at an end. In the heart of the city, it overlooks, perhaps a hundred feet high, its crowded thoroughfares. For some especial service rendered the government, this acre has been inviolate to the ruthless hand of modern improvements, which have made high places low and narrow places wide.

Here, under the shadow of thickly set trees, families meet and greet, and spend an hour or more most socially drinking coffee, chocolate or beer, eating ices, or if the appetite demands it, something more substantial. All of the morning and evening journals are at command, which the men ponder over earnestly now, while the women chat, knit, embroider, or run over the cuts of the latest illustrated sheets.

There is music, admittance free, and this evening eight women occupy the music-stand, led by a woman; they play upon piano, base viol, violins, and flute; and the enthusiastic encores which their playing calls forth shows that they are artists of the first degree. They are all quite young, with bright, intelligent faces, all tastefully but plainly dressed in black silk.

During the intervals of rest, instead of drinking beer, they gather around a table, and converse with friends who come to congratulate them upon the skillful manner in which a favorite operatic aria was rendered as a solo upon the violin, which was so clamorously applauded that she repeats it, and to the repeated demonstrations gives a gleeful aria that makes the violin strings speak outright with joy.

Children, dressed in their bright, pretty muslins, whirl in all the promenades, as if in electric unison with the notes of music. A band of wind instruments, played by women, is soon to be brought before the public here.

A father and mother ask the privilege of



sitting, with their two little ones, at the table where I am. They are working people, and have come here to spend a few cents, a free-will offering in honor of the birthday of their little three-years' old daughter. She and her sister are duly consulted upon the choice of an ice-cream, and each given a full portion, while the father and mother mutually share a kriegel—a pint of beer. Every other spoonful is generously proffered to papa and mamma, and finally the little heroine of the feast declares that only warm ice-cream is pleasing to her taste; and away she goes to take her chances for a turn among the dancers. Miss Fannie, American-born, aged three years, surrounded by all the ceremony and elaborate parade attendant upon a birthday party, could not have been happier than this wee Teutonic *fraulein*.

While I listen to music, I read a letter of Madam Muhlbacks, the 14th, descriptive of her visit in Cairo, Egypt; and charmingly written they are, so vividly portraying street scenes and every-day life, that they have a real impression upon the mind rarely given by pen.

The *Tages Presse*, a daily paper started here last January, publishes a Sunday sheet devoted to the woman cause. I send them the *Revolution*, and there are occasional clippings published from it. It has already called out several women correspondents before unknown to the world, and will, there is no doubt, have an influence in causing women to think upon various subjects, and in various directions, until now new to them.

#### ENGLISH NOVELS ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

BY G. F. BELL.

SOCIETY IN A GARRISON TOWN. By Anne Isabella Robertson.

One of the most remarkable facts, perhaps, connected with Miss Robertson's works touching on Woman's Rights is, that they made their appearance chiefly in publications of a stringently conservative character. The *Dublin University Magazine*, like *Blackwood* of Edinburgh, has always been devoted to the maintenance of existing customs, and its editors and proprietors staunch upholders of a thorough Toryism; yet, so far from alarming these proprietors, we have been informed that not only were the tales accepted for the magazine, and printed without the alteration of even a word in the original manuscripts, but the author was particularly requested to write the novel of "Society in a Garrison Town" for one of the most conservative publications in the kingdom, belonging to the proprietor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, who had already had experience of two or three tales of her's, following each other quickly, in the last named periodical. The request was complied with, and before 1867, "Society in a Garrison Town," under the title of "Dora Bouverie," was finished in its serial form, having penetrated into the homes of nobility and gentry, and among the most conservative upper-class in the country. No one was as much surprised as the author, that a story advocating, unmistakably, the complete equality of men and women, and a thorough reform of many of the laws and social customs of England, should find favor in the eyes of proprietor, editor and readers of the publication it appeared in; and

she has mentioned to several friends, with gratification, the fact that no person whom she knew to have read "Dora Bouverie" in its periodical form, refused to sign petitions in favor of the suffrage for women, or the Married Women's Property Bill; which was one reason that she had the tale republished separately, in order to give it a wider circulation, under the auspices of Mudie and other great British librarians. The name was changed from "Dora Bouverie" to "Society in a Garrison Town," and in January, 1869, it appeared in the orthodox three volumes. It is the story of a family belonging to the upper-class, but not wealthy enough for their rank. The father, Captain Bouverie, is extravagant and overbearing, taking all the authority given him by law as despotic head of the household, spending his wife's money, as well as his own, on himself and upon a worthless only son, and neglecting his two daughters, who are without prospect of provision, and very unhappy in their dependent condition. Mrs. Bouverie is a silent, passive martyr, but not, by any means, a Griselda. She has evidently a contempt for her husband, and clothes herself in an armor of indifference to his ill-temper and his bodily ailments. She might serve as a warning to those men who imagine they can wield a cowardly despotism over their wives, and, at the same time, preserve their affection and respect.

Captain Bouverie is not a ruffian, or even ungentlemanly; he does not storm violently, nor use abusive language; but he is a thorough tyrant, and drives his wife and daughters to despair. The whole Bouverie family are drawn with startling truth and vividness. There is no exaggeration, and each person is portrayed without partiality, and with a keen insight into human nature; indeed, the characters seem like photographs, and as if they all were taken from life. Even the noble elder daughter, Elinor, with her deep feeling and high intellect, is not depicted as unnaturally good; she has her weaknesses and her faults. Her sister Dora is a wayward, beautiful girl, who interests us thoroughly, in spite of her selfishness and impetuosity; her character is drawn with great skill, and shows the touch of a real artist; she is passionate and self-willed, an unscrupulous coquette, and very heartless in her treatment of her numerous lovers; but at length her own time of trial comes. She loves very deeply; but she believes herself slighted, and in anger determines upon a short-sighted revenge. She accepts the offer of another suitor whom she dislikes, in order to show her indifference to the lover she believes to be untrue. A fearful strife rages in her heart, and she bears it all in secret. Notwithstanding her faults, the reader is painfully interested in her history, and pities her deeply. All is told most naturally, in the clear, concise style for which the author's books are distinguished.

The terrible barrack-master, Allan Clarke, who is cool, calculating and almost fiendish in his love of mischief-making; his elegant, aristocratic rival, Rodney St. George, the aide-de-camp of Sir Ralph Barnard; Abraham Barr, who hires out furniture to the officers at Norham, and quarrels so fatally with the wily barrack-master, are all life-like portraits. The Garrison Town is cleverly described, with its gossipings, its jealousies, and its general dreariness. Mrs. Dart and Mrs. Sharpnose, who always contrive to say the most disagreeable

things possible to their young relatives, the Bouverie girls, are inimitably drawn.

There are pictures of high and low life, and great variety, in the tale. Mr. Trydell, the garrison chaplain, who entertains a hopeless love for Elinor Bouverie, is well described, with his prejudices against women earning their livelihood in any of the well-paid employments. We must quote the following:

"In his own class of life, the chaplain had rather a prejudice against women working independently for their own benefit. He had been brought up with such a prejudice, and he had never tried to get rid of it, never having thought deeply, if at all, on the subject. Whatever was customary for women to do towards earning a livelihood he had no objections to: such as going about on wet days or dry days to give music lessons at different houses, or letting lodgings, or being milliners, or, in fact, being anything in a small way that would never bring them into particularly brilliant notice, or interfere with the pursuits of his own sex. Perhaps he thought it was safer, on the whole, for women to be mildly displeased than unpleasantly envied. He had no fixed ideas on the subject, only a shadowy prejudice caught from the customary views of other men. Yet a good man he was—kind and charitable, if not a very original thinker."

In another part of the book we find the following:

"Every man, let him be ever so ignorant, is aware of how little account a woman is, in general, considered—so dependent, so helpless; not because of her own physical weakness—for men do not go through the world fighting their way by dint of bodily strength any more than women do—but because of those laws and customs which bind her hands and keep her in a state of slavery which debases her; and this much every woman may know, that in a world where honor is given chiefly to success, and influence, and wealth, there is but little real respect for the sex which is, in general, so poor and so obscure, and so unable to rise up by self-help from original poverty to a better position. People boast of the freedom of England; its glorious laws; the liberty of British subjects, the lowest of whom may rise, by industry and talent, to any social height; but this liberty only extends to one sex. It is my own opinion that women stand still pretty much where they stood before Magna Charta was ever dreamed of, and that their privileges were not much fewer in the feudal times of the Conqueror than they are in the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Your Reform Bills may be all of great consequence to Englishmen, but what are they to Englishwomen? Very little. The laws concerning the women of England are, for the most part, older than general civilization, and the customs touching them, which held good in barbarous ages, continue in force still."

The next passage which we quote is exceedingly good:

"Miss Bouverie could not go to Lord Halesby's without a little expense, and, although twenty years of age, she had not a shilling she could call her own, nor the prospect of having such. Were she thirty—aye, forty—her position would be no better, in that respect, as long as she remained a single woman under her father's roof. No doubt Captain Bouverie thought it hard enough to feed and barely clothe his wife and daughters, without providing the latter with pocket-money. He had always given his son pocket-money from the time he was ten years old till he was seventeen and provided for independently, because other men gave their sons pocket-money, and he had a respect for Dawson, because he belonged to the sex that is privileged to work honorably and gain money; and probably he thought he might be a credit to him yet, though in what way was not very clear. Where the laws and the government of a country are unjust towards one sex, individuals will naturally become so likewise. Scarcely one man in ten thousand is capable of thinking originally, or forming an opinion of his own; the great mass of people are but too prone to mistake artificial distinctions for the work of nature itself, and the laws having decided that women are inferior to men, it follows, of course, that the great body of men take it for granted that there is good reason for such decision. Few men take a sufficient interest in the matter to inquire into it particularly, and women, whom the question so vitally concerns, are not represented in the legislature of the country at all. How energetically members of parliament will crowd to pass a bill respecting hares, pheasants, and partridges. What excitement will prevail among them on the interesting subject of game! But when a question concerning the advantage of women



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nd Halsey's with- twenty years of age, her own, nor the thirty—aye, forty— day respect, as long as her father's roof. It had enough to daughters, without oney. He had al- the time he was and provided for ve their sons pocket- awson, because he- ed to work honor- ly he thought he a in what way the government of x, individuals will rely one man in ten ally, or forming nase of people are instructions for the aving decided that es, of course, that anted that there is men take a suffi- into it particu- so vitally con- legislature of the members of partic- ting hares, pleas- ment will prevail act of game). But- vantage of women

alone is to be discussed, there is often a difficulty to form a house at all, so lightly does the female (and larger) portion of the population of the country affect the British senators. Generally speaking, the provision of young women is looked upon as a sort of joke—a thing to be lightly regarded, and as depending, in a great measure, upon chance. There is no settled manner of going about the business; it relies for success on the caprice and the passions of men. The gambler, who seeks to gain a livelihood by winnings at the gaming-table is pretty much in the same condition as the portless young gentleman who is going out to parties, night after night, 'taking her chance' of captivating some man who will in future provide for her, but never acknowledging openly what she is really looking out for. Such candor would be shocking. In fact, it is quite a reproach even for parents to be suspected of having an eye to the provision of daughters; and what must it be for the charming daughters themselves to be accused of such monstrosity? Until gentlemen can have a position of their own, and a way of acquiring money by professions of their own, independent of men and marriage, great numbers of them will be forced into marrying who would much prefer a single life. However Captain Bouvier might despise women in general, and his wife in particular, he was very glad to get the money her aunt, Mrs. Tredercroft, bequeathed to her, and to make use of it for his own and his son's benefit. It was invested in securities in his name, and he it was, of course, who received the interest of it half yearly. Poor Mrs. Bouvier never knew how the interest was paid, nor what happened to the principal: she scarcely felt herself the richer by a shilling since the bequest fell to her. Her husband doled out money to her for the house-keeping just as stingily as before, and took all the authority and all the rights the law of England permitted to him. Mrs. Bouvier was a miserable woman, but no one knew but herself how miserable. Like thousands of women, she kept her thoughts and her miseries to herself. If women were not afraid and ashamed to speak of their wrongs and sufferings, what fearful revelations, what a mighty outburst would re-echo through the world! The wretched, oppressed creatures who go forth into society, and try to keep up appearances, for fear of bringing down upon them the wonder and contempt of that society—whose worn and hollow cheeks and altered aspect, within a few years after marriage, alone tell of unhappiness and broken hearts—could reveal in words many a tale of tyranny and cruelty that might make men blush, if women were not cunningly taught to believe that the less a woman makes her feelings and her wrongs public, so much the more refined and womanly she will be considered—that is, she will not be thought of at all; she will preserve her proper character of nullity, and sink into her grave in the same obscurity that she has passed her life in, while the world will go on thinking that women are very contented, very well cared for by the laws, and that it is only a few absurd 'strong-minded,' unfeminine, unnatural women who complain of wrongs and the want of a reform in the present state of affairs. It is a great fact, however, that women, as a body, are far from being either happy or contented. Not only is it the few literary, clever women who understand and feel the oppression that crushes the energies of their sex and humiliates them, it is the great mass of women in every class of life—the unlettered and the learned, the poor and the rich, the lowly in spirit and the proud of heart. She who feels this oppression the most of all is the quiet, deep-feeling woman, who is too generous to seize the reins of tyranny herself, and carry warfare desperately into the enemy's camp. She who feels the oppression least of all is the unreasonable woman who becomes the oppressor of herself—who laughs privately at laws, but would not have them altered, because she likes the idea of other women being kept down by them. Heaven help the man who is married to a woman given to lecturing other women on the duties of meekness and unlimited obedience."

It is well to bear in mind, while reading the foregoing extract, that it was written and published before any of the thousands of women of all classes in England had sent in any of the petitions praying Parliament to redress their grievances, which have been so numerous in Great Britain since 1867. The author evidently possessed a keener insight into the feelings of her countrywomen than any of the writers who have touched upon the subject, male or female, in England, and her words have been verified by the events of the last year or two. The description of the Skin-

ner family is full of vigor and satirical humor:

"Poor old Mrs. Skinner, in her shabby black satin gown and old-fashioned cap, with its sorrow white flowers, looked anxiously at every one who spoke or danced with her daughters, hoping to discover a future husband for one or other of them. Weary and jaded, she sat up far into the night, hardly talking to any one, and trying to keep her eyes open by spasmodic efforts. Was it any wonder that she dreaded all the young women that stood in the way of her daughters, for whose sake she bore so much—had borne so much for more than fifteen long years? And yet there was no being in all the land who would have laughed more scoffingly at the idea of young ladies going to parties without matrons or chaperons, or of their being emancipated from all the paltry, unmeaning bondage that inflicts such tortures on themselves and every one connected with them, as this miserable elderly lady, with her rheumatic twinges and her tendency to fall asleep when chaperoning the Misses Skinner. The Skinners, mother and daughters, had been struggling to keep their heads above the obscurity of acknowledged poverty for the last ten years—ever since the head of the family, John Skinner, died, leaving three women, who had full possession of their mental faculties, and uncommonly good appetites, reduced to a state of great privation. John Skinner had enjoyed a government pension upon retiring from a lucrative appointment which he had held for several years, and which gave him hardly anything to do; and, of course, when he dropped into the grave, the pension dropped too, and poor Mrs. Skinner, who used to get good things to eat and good clothes to wear as long as her husband lived, found herself obliged to put up with very scanty, coarse fare, and very shabby garments, as soon as he was taken from her. She was not burnt like a Hindoo widow; she was only half starved and pinched in circumstances for the remainder of her life; and she would have been a most afflicted, inconsolable widow, shutting herself up in retirement, had it not been for her daughters, whom she hoped to advance in life, and for whose sake it was necessary not to be afflicted, and not to waste time in a long retirement. She had also a son, regarding whom she entertained that superstition, so popular among men and women, that he would be of great advantage to her and his sisters at some future period of his existence, and mother and sisters looked upon him as a wonder among human beings. The three women pinched and starved themselves to get Jack on in the world; he got the best food and the best clothes that could be procured by the united efforts of mother and sisters, and, consequently, he despised his female relatives, taking their homage as a matter of course. He became a barrister, and was now settled in London, doing a great deal of business, and supposed to be on the way to much wealth and fame. Mrs. Skinner still preserved her superstition, that he was of advantage to her, though she only saw him about once in two years, when he would run down to Norham for a day or two, taking a return ticket on the railway, for he was very prudent and economical, and so busy, he could scarcely spare a minute for leisure. Time was bringing an increase of money, and, consequently, an increase of worldly respect, to Jack Skinner; and it was bringing an increase of years, and, consequently, an increase of worldly contempt to his sisters. What wonder, then, if the latter were soured and ill-tempered. What wonder that Miss Skinner, in an hour of desperation, as she contemplated the wretchedness of limited means, determined that she would settle in life at last, and begin to look favorably on a certain Mr. Dozyhead, who had been paying her attention for some years. Mr. Dozyhead's income was considerable, but his intellect and morals were very low indeed; he was scarcely ever sober, and he had the reputation of being half silly. Miss Skinner strongly disapproved of the idea that women should have professions, and fully believed that it would destroy their delicacy if permitted to work like men for their own independence and advancement in life; but she did not think that there was anything particularly unrefined in marrying a man whom she despised and disliked, merely because his money would enable her to reach a good position in society."

Miss Skinner finally marries Mr. Dozyhead, and becomes at once a fine lady in the country. We are told

"That her mother and sister could think of nothing but her and her belongings. Whenever anybody visited them, Mr. Dozyhead's name was sure to come into the conversation about five minutes after they had been seated in the drawing-room. They were always just going to Dozyhead Hall, or had just come from it, or Mrs. Dozyhead had just been visiting them. Mrs.

Skinner, no doubt, thanked her stars that the time was past when she was obliged to drive ten or twelve miles on a winter night to a distant ball, in order to matronize her daughters according to a wise etiquette. Her elder daughter, having married a simpleton, was raised to the dignity of being qualified to matronize her sister; and thus the poor old mother, after several years of hard work, was enabled to rest in peace, with no more anxiety about turbans or dress-caps, or aching, rheumatic joints. A brave woman Mrs. Dozyhead had been to accept such a husband, and so elevate herself. How many women of more squeamish tastes were sinking every day deeper and deeper into the obscurity of single life and poverty, while she soared through existence proud and triumphant. \* \* \* Jack Skinner, the thriving London barrister, was rather shocked at the idea of his sister marrying Dozyhead, whom he had always regarded as the very lowest type of human being. But what had Jack ever done for his sisters to advance their prospects in life? Nothing; nor did he care what was to become of them when their mother, with her small annuity, should die. It was easy to marvel at his sister for accepting Dozyhead, who was scarcely ever sober, and to stare wonderingly at her when he came down to Norham to draw up the marriage settlements; but it was not so easy to point out what better she was to do, or to say how far he would help her in her difficulty. Like his mother and sisters, he particularly objected to what is termed 'Women's Rights' and 'Independent women.' Sharp as he was about his own interests, his brains were rather in a jumble concerning the position of the female sex in the free country of England; and never having studied the subject at all, no doubt he considered himself perfectly qualified to give a decided opinion against women getting any more rights than they now possess. Like a great many men, Jack probably had a vague notion that women were to live upon air, and that they were quite indifferent to the goods and comforts of this mortal life."

This novel abounds in wit and humor; it has its strange mystery never cleared up 'till the end—its terrible situations, its sarcasm, and its pathos; it is exciting, and, above all, it is pure. The author is a brave advocate and defender of women's rights, and she illustrates her theories by pictures which no one can deny the reality of. It is this that makes her books the most powerful instruments of conversion wherever they are read. She lays before the reader, who might be skeptical as to theories alone, scenes and portraits that seem so life-like, and touch our experience so nearly of every-day life, that no one can say she is visionary or eccentric. Gifted with a beautiful sense of poetry, which shines in many of her descriptions of scenery throughout her works, she is yet eminently logical and practical. It is her able reasoning which has made so many critics, who are skeptical as to women's power to reason well, suppose her novels to have been written by a man. Women should hail with gratitude an author who displayed such courage on their behalf before the present great movement in favor of women's questions had commenced in Europe. In more than one of her works she has prophesied the coming of this movement, but evidently thought it far off, which might have been the case only, as she has said herself, that women of all classes were indeed sensible of their oppressed state, and ready, in great numbers, to follow any leader willing to conduct them to freedom. We have been informed that "Society in a Garrison Town" is being circulated, by many advocates of women's emancipation, among their friends as a sort of missionary work. We would like to see it in a cheaper edition, so that the public may be able to purchase it for a trifle, and scatter it broadcast through the land. Miss Robertson is said to be one of the few upholders of women's rights in England who is gifted with the power of wielding, with skill, the terrible weapon of satire against the en-

emy. She evidently has a quiet but profound contempt for her opponents, yet treats them fairly enough, making due allowances for ignorance, stupidity, and prejudice. To those who think or say that it is John Stuart Mill's financial theories which are inducing the women of England to speak out now about imaginary wrongs, we recommend "Myself and My Relatives," "Little Flags," and "Society in a Garrison Town," and they will observe that all which Mr. Mill has so ably put forth in his "Subjection of Women" was touched upon and illustrated powerfully in those three books, published before his, and containing the original sentiments of a young and gifted writer, who tells us that she wrote on the subject of women's rights from her own observations in general, and from a thorough belief, which possessed her since childhood, that the idea of women being mentally inferior to men is as great a delusion as the superstition concerning witchcraft which has existed in all countries in the world, and is even still to be found in parts of so-called civilized lands.

Miss Robertson has written other works besides the three we have reviewed, but they have not been sent to us, and, therefore, we cannot notice them. We heartily hope to see soon a new novel from the vigorous pen of an author who has been compared more than once to Thackeray, to Balzac, to Goldsmith, and, for wonderful delineation of character, even to Shakespeare.

## Foreign Correspondence.

### OUR LONDON LETTER.

BY EMILY FAITHFULL.

VICTORIA PRESS, July 25, 1870.

The war, and this only, is the universal topic, not only of conversation but even of sermons. It furnished the Rev. Llewelyn Davies with a subject yesterday. I am told by the one who heard him that he justified warlike undertakings to a far greater extent than I should have expected. Evidently his remarks were too much for some of his hearers, and before the sermon was half concluded, two gentlemen startled the congregation by walking out with as much visible show of their indignation as circumstances would permit.

Dean Stanley, also, while preaching in Westminster from the text, "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say?" said they might well ask (amongst the troubles of the times) why Europe, which had enjoyed many years of peace and prosperity, was allowed to be overrun with the horrors of war, blighting, it might be, smiling harvests, destroying human life, and laying waste beautiful cities? Why was the progress of the world to be arrested? Why were ruin, distrust, and destruction to be brought into the homes of innocent families—self-denying fathers slaughtered, and little children left uncared for? They could not help asking such questions, but no answers came. Christ asked them before, but he obtained no answer. In one sense, there was no answer at all, for it was impossible to know what were the designs of Providence. It might be part of an inevitable trial of a perplexed world, of which no knowledge could at present be gained; but in another sense, the

question could be answered just as Christ answered it, in not giving way to despair, looking to a better future, rather than a miserable present—to a higher and brighter heaven beyond the present lowering sky.

And in the meantime the ladies are at work, not only in France and Prussia, but in England. We propose giving help to the sick and wounded of both armies, and a band of ladies is prepared to leave London at a day's notice, under the auspices of Saint John, and of the Société de Secours de Militaires Blessés. The Prince of Wales is to act as the President here, and the Committee consists of Lord Leigh, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Captain Douglas Galton, etc., names which will be sufficient guarantee for the capacity of the ladies who undertake the noble work. The delegates of the Société de Secours have been received by the Empress of the French, and she has set aside a suite of rooms for the presents which are being contributed throughout the country. An appeal to the ladies in France reminded them of the courage and devotion that Florence Nightingale, Miss Stanley (a sister of the dean's) and their staff had shown before Sebastopol, and in the hospitals at Scutari; and that, incited by their glorious example, the Grand Duchess Helena Paulowna and three hundred Russian ladies hastened to the battle-fields of Russia. A just tribute was paid to the services of your own brave countrywomen during your terrible civil war. The appeal included a notice of the Schleswig-Holstein campaign in 1864, during which volunteer ambulances were established, and the care of the sick undertaken by ladies both on the Danish and the Prussian side; and although the reluctance of the military and medical authorities to women's work in war was with difficulty overcome, a service of Danish and Swedish deaconesses was established in the hospitals of Angustenburg and Fredericksburg, and with the best results.

Nor are the efforts of the noble ladies of Brescia, in the Hospital of Saint Clemente, during the war of 1860, to be forgotten. They were directed by one lady of the highest rank in the town, who bore on her bosom a little label, on which were embroidered, in red letters on a white ground, a cross and the inscription "*Sono madre*"—"I am a mother"—and who lavished equal care and tenderness on the Italian and the Austrian wounded. At the same period of time, but without any "scarlet letter" of philanthropy on her breast, the admirable Mrs. Chambers was fighting her good fight with Garibaldi's force—a force destitute of field-hospitals, of ambulances, of medical comforts, and almost of a medical staff. She was spending her days and nights at Rocca d'Anfo, and Stora, and Tirano, absolutely stripping the garments off her own body to bind up the wounds of wretched, maimed and bleeding creatures, for whom no provision of lint or bandages had been made. The infection of benevolence, which began in 1854, has spread, and there is now a very powerful movement in Paris tending to the organization of something akin to a sanitary commission for the succor of the sick and wounded during the campaign of 1870. It will be based on the already established "Association Internationale de Secours pour les Militaires Blessés," of which Baron Alphonse de Rothschild is honorary secretary, and which is in permanent session at the Palais de l'Industrie, where subscriptions in money and in kind are received.

The association, in issuing its appeal to the ladies of France, soliciting their personal co-operation in the enterprise, points out that "the presence of women displaying, on the field of battle, their tender charity by the side of the heroism of the soldiers, must purify war by mitigating some of its most appalling horrors," and we have confidence that the appeal will not have been issued in vain.

The Committee of the Victoria Bazaar at Berlin, which is under the patronage of our own beloved Crown Princess of Prussia, invites the German ladies to subscribe for the families of the Landwehr men, and they are busily employed in the sad duty of preparing lint and organizing a corps of ambulance nurses.

Lord John Manners presided at Leicester, a few days since, over the annual meeting of the Institution for Trained Nurses, and took the opportunity of observing that in these days, when women's rights were being clamored for on many platforms, and when even cabinet ministers were heard to express hopes that women would successfully contest the seats on school-boards, it was important to find out, if possible, less noisy but not less useful fields for women's labor and intelligence. In such a work as that of nursing the sick, for instance, a woman might well engage, without being called upon to do any thing not strictly in accordance with her primary mission, or which would unfit her hereafter, should she wish it, to return to the ordinary avocations of domestic life. The benefits conferred by institutions such as the one in whose interest they were met were two-fold—to nurses and nursed alike—for heroic virtues were practised in the ministrations of a sick room, and eloquent lessons were derived by the bedsides of dying men.

The exigencies of the terrible struggle between two continental powers may be gathered from the significant fact that at half an hour after midnight on Saturday (23d) the Prince of Wales left Marlborough House *en route* for Copenhagen, to escort his wife and youthful family back to England. There is something very unfortunate in this sudden interruption of the Princess of Wales' visit to her royal parents. Her health has been partially taxed during a very trying London season, and it was hoped that a few weeks' sojourn in the bracing air of her northern home would have a very beneficial effect upon her. Now it will be a subject of congratulation if this disappointment, and its attendant excitement, does not prove prejudicial to her health. The court circle, especially, is full of wars and rumors of war; and the Queen, with a very naturally motherly anxiety, is assembling around her those of her daughters whose husbands, in all probability, will have faced their Gallic foe before this letter reaches New York. The Crown Princess of Prussia is expected to reach the Isle of Wight within three days, and the arrival of the Princess Alice (of Hesse) cannot be delayed with safety much longer.

The annual meeting of the Working Men's Club and Institute was held the other day, and the Bishop of Exeter, the noble but misunderstood Dr. Temple, presided over it, and gave an excellent address. One part of it struck me as peculiarly applicable to our work. He said they confessed to failures, but they were not afraid of failures, for failures were the test of the genuine nature of work. In all human work there was failure. Machine work was

more certain, but then machine work never came up to human work, even in such a simple matter as lace-making! Several of the working men spoke, and one declared that the wives did not appreciate a man's studying all the evening in the Club Reading Room. I suggested that the wives should be allowed to partake in the benefits of the Reading Room, and then they would learn to value their husbands' pursuits; and that without this the wives would have, at best, but a dull time of it at home alone.

One working man's wife has just given a signal proof of capacity to sympathize heartily in her husband's labors, and to aid him by the practical use of speech and pen. A strike at the Blochairn Iron Works last April paralyzed the trade for six weeks. The leading peace-maker between masters and men, in a dispute which had closed about 400 furnaces, was a Mr. Robert Kane, who was fortunate enough to be most efficiently seconded in his efforts by his wife. About a fortnight since a testimonial was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Kane by the iron workers of the northern counties. On this occasion, Mrs. Kane remarked that she did not believe in presentations or testimonials, and that when a man has borne wrath and calumny without even flinching from the path of duty, we ought to be very careful lest we tempt him to be unfaithful to his trust, by spoiling him with too much kindness. I wish I had space to give you a full account of Mrs. Kane's eloquent speech, in which she describes how the spirit of God seemed to enter the heart of the nation, and the dark and stormy days arose which brought desolation into their own home; and because Mr. Kane had sought to settle the differences between masters and workmen; he was accused of being a firebrand, and passed through a season of great tribulation, which is recounted by his wife in strong, forcible language. Nor is she less pathetic when she tells of the passing away of the storm, and the position her husband has gained for his advocacy of reconciliation and arbitration. And she concludes by telling her hearers to try and respect each other more, and to be true to each other, and yet to remember that masters have claims and rights also. Why should their class, she asks, be reckoned the lowest in the ranks of workmen? Not because it is the poorest, but because more of the iron-workers' money "goes for strong drink than from any other branch of industry. But," she adds, "we have the power to do better, if we will it."

What man could wish for a better helpmeet, and what woman has better deserved a testimonial?

## Letters from Friends.

### TABOR COLLEGE.

TABOR, IOWA, July 27, 1870.

Dear Revolution: After a very pleasant ride through the charming valleys and over the beautifully rolling prairies of Southwestern Iowa, I arrived at the little town of Tabor, resting quietly on one of the highest swells of the prairie, and commanding a large view of the surrounding country, now richly variegated with its emerald corn and golden wheat-fields.

Tabor owes its chief importance to its young Congregational College, established four years

since, and which sends forth its first graduates to-day—four young women and three young men. Judging from their essays and orations, we think Tabor College will never have to blush for her oldest sons and daughters. This institution is a child of Oberlin, and, of course, has imbibed the prejudices of its mother against woman suffrage. But the professors, students and people here are thinkers, honest seekers after truth, and on the broad prairies where they dwell must soon lay aside the narrow view contracted in the woods of Ohio.

After the dinner given to the graduates and guests, quite an animated discussion took place between some of the ladies and two ministerial gentlemen on the subject of women's voting, which gradually drew around all the occupants of the parlors. The main advocate in its favor felt rather chagrined when one of her opponents said, "I never voted in my life," and she found she had been wasting her ammunition on a raw Englishman; but when speeches were called for, and the burden of most was the recent topic of conversation, viz., "Woman Suffrage," she felt that the cause had gained, people had been aroused to thought, and when that is accomplished, half the work is done.

In the little town of Percival, which apparently consists of a depot, a school-house, and four or five dwelling-houses, notice was given that a woman would talk on woman suffrage. From far and near, the rich bottom land of the Missouri sent its dwellers until the house was crowded, and many unable to enter stood listening at the door and windows. Thus, through all our rich river vales, and over all our broad prairies, may seed be sown whose fruitage shall be full freedom to all. M. D.

### WHO IS TO BLAME?

Editor of the Revolution: I read your reflections in THE REVOLUTION in regard to the large masculine clerk in the millinery establishment that you so much objected to; and think you did not go quite deep enough into the merits of the case. You did not reach the cause. The centre, the hub of this question is, why is this masculine clerk here, where a woman ought to be? I can tell you why in just three words: Because it pays. That is the reason. Now, who makes it pay? Is it the proprietor or the customers? and who are the customers? Ladies. Who is to blame? Surely, not the store-keeper. You could not object to his employing the style of clerk that best satisfies and best pleases his customers.

In the matter of clerks in dry goods stores, the ladies have the matter in their own hands, and why don't they properly use their power? Make it to the interest of storekeepers to employ lady clerks, and they will employ them. The merchant knows as well, I think I might venture to say, as well as you do, that a handsome, obliging, agreeable clerk, masculine, is worth, at least, four times as much to him as a handsome, obliging, agreeable clerk, feminine, and, therefore, he hires the masculine. Of course he does. He is a merchant, not a philanthropist.

A Detroit merchant once remarked, when spoken to on the subject of lady clerks, "I can't afford it, they don't draw custom. Women won't trade with them." Why? Answer, please—You know you are a woman. There must be a reason why. Effects presuppose a cause—do they not?

I was once in a store where there was a lady clerk employed, when a customer came in, and called for something that was on an upper shelf. The lady clerk had to keep the customer waiting while she went for a gentleman clerk, who had to leave his work, and come and walk up a little ladder about four feet high, and take down the article for her. It would not have been proper for the lady clerk to have ascended four feet up a ladder. Her dress, (that fashion obliges her to wear, or rather, fetter herself with), would not admit of such an act. Has a fashionably dressed woman the same right to an office, when a little activity and strength are required, as a young man, that if ever the counter is in the way, can jump over it, and can go four feet up a ladder; and yet she is strong enough and quick enough, or rather, would be, if her own sex would emancipate her from this most abject slavery of fashion.

I am fully persuaded that when ladies dress sensibly, enabling themselves to do what God has given them the power to do, and are their own true patrons, there will be no further complaint about men usurping their places.

J. I.

One of the census takers asked an old gentleman what the given name of his wife was. He stammered a little, and finally answered: "I declare! I have called her mother so long that I have forgotten her name." He finally hunted it up.

This is supposed to be funny. But we think "there be more men in like predicament," and also that there are many weary, patient mothers whose eyes would grow brighter, and whose hearts would beat quicker, if they could sometimes hear from a husband's lips the old familiar name by which he wooed, and woman would not wish to be something more to a man than just the mother of his children.

A young couple had been married by a Quaker, who, after the ceremony, remarked, "Friend, thou art now at the end of thy troubles." A few weeks after, the young man came to the minister, boiling over with rage, his wife turning out a regular vixen. "I thought you told me I was at the end of my troubles?" "So I did, friend, but I did not say which end."

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes lives in Brockport, this State, where she has an attractive and pleasant home. Mrs. Holmes was born in Brookfield, Mass., and commenced her literary career by the publication of her first work, "Tempest and Sunshine," in 1854. Already thirteen of her works have been published. None of her works have reached a sale of less than 10,000 copies.

Mrs. Josephine Simpson, of Toledo, is in the lumber business, and not only attends to her buying and selling, but owns a canal-boat, goes into the woods, buys the trees standing, hires her choppers, loggers, etc. She has thus accumulated a fortune of twenty thousand dollars.

Mrs. Helen C. Weeks, formerly of Bloomfield, N. J., will shortly publish a volume of juvenile stories through a Boston firm.

Madame Octavia Hensel's *Life of Gottschalk* is in press, and will be given to the public in a few weeks.



# The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.  
EDWIN A. STUDWELL, Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1870.

## OUR INCAPABLES.

There is no lack of work in this world. Look where we will, the fields are white for the harvest, and waiting only in their rich abundance to be gathered in by the reapers. That "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few," is a truth of which the history of the present, no less than the history of the past, must convince any one who has given even the slightest thought to the subject.

In every department of life, the one great want is a brain active enough to comprehend the needs of the hour, and an ability to meet and supply those demands.

But the right man in the right place is so rare a sight as to make every such individual a phenomenon. To find the right woman in the right place, is a still more uncommon and difficult task, as those will tell you who have occasion to employ their services. They echo the lament of King Solomon, "one man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all those have I not found."

It is not work for women which is lacking, so much as training for that work. One of the great needs of the present time is an education for our girls, which shall fit them for actual everyday life, its duties, and its cares.

But if it were the end and aim of female education, whether for the rich or the poor, to unfit them for usefulness in the world, it could not be more thoroughly accomplished.

Our young girls, the daughters of the well-to-do, leave school after ten years of study, fitted for what? Absolutely nothing. They have perhaps a little smattering of the ordinary branches, a knowledge of the names of the natural sciences, and very little more, an almost absolute ignorance of history and belles lettres, and a few accomplishments, the rudiments of music and drawing, and perhaps a proficiency in dancing. As to the preparation for home life, the especial sphere of wives and mothers to which all mankind by common consent destines them, they have received none. Neither at school nor at home, have they been taught anything with regard to their own constitutions, the care of children, the management of servants, the proper preparation of food; the necessary household cares and expenses; in short, they know nothing of the many duties which will fall upon them when they become wives and mothers. Mothers and daughters feel that the whole duty of woman is accomplished by remaining helpless idlers in their father's house, until they are transferred in the same useless capacity to the home of a younger man as his wife.

And what of the women, who by circumstances, are prevented from becoming parasites on some man's bounty, who have no rich fathers to depend upon, and who find no husbands to support them? They are turned out into the world an undisciplined mob, untrained and unfitted for the battle of life, and what wonder, that in the first encounter with the

realities of existence, they experience utter defeat.

From the lowest to the highest department of female labor, the general rule is incapacity. Skilled labor in the kitchen is the exception; a good seamstress it is almost impossible to find. The girls who can sew on a machine know nothing of the cutting, preparation, and finishing of work, and so are almost useless for family sewing. Good dressmakers are rare, and as to good teachers—that is, teachers who can stimulate and interest a child, so that study shall be a pleasure instead of a drudgery, how necessary are they! The number of really good wives, who bear cheerfully their full share of the duties of life, is still smaller, and as for good mothers, the best of them will admit their incompetency to fill the noblest position that ever was given to a human being. Nor is this from lack of earnest desire to do their duty in the family. It is the aim of every woman to be the good genius of her home. She fails, if she does fail, through ignorance; ignorance of the laws of health, by violation of which, she becomes a helpless invalid; ignorance of the simple duties of household management, so that she cannot train or direct a servant who is probably as inexperienced as herself; and thus the home becomes an uncomfortable, confused, and disorderly place, instead of a quiet, peaceful, and well arranged abode; ignorant, too, of the care of children, and perhaps learning this only at the expense of the cries of one or two of the earliest given to her; ignorant of financial management, and wasting her husband's earnings; in short, learning only from her own mistakes; and at the end of her life, looking back sadly at the mis-spent years which are gone never to return; and yet, this very woman will allow her daughter to live over again her own blundering, untaught past, without a word of remonstrance or warning.

Will women never learn anything from their own errors? Is one generation of human beings never to be profited by the experiences of the past? Or must we go on in our own miserable way caught by the same snares, stumbling in the same pitfalls and sinking at last into the same gulf of oblivion with the innumerable throng who have lived, and suffered, and hoped, and failed, and passed away from life before us?

## TRODDEN UNDER FOOT.

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, in mentioning the fact that among the lecturers of next winter will be "Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Blackwell, Mrs. Livermore, and Mrs. Howe," adds that this fact reveals "the inferential obliteration of Mr. Stanton, Mr. Blackwell, Mr. Livermore, and Mr. Howe."

Are husbands, then, so easily blotted out? Is it true that

the soul, that very fiery particle,  
Can really be extinguished by an article?

or by a lecture? If so, and women could be made to believe it, we suspect that more of them would feel a drawing toward the platform!

But does the fact that the wife of Mr. Stanton possesses like himself a public reputation, operate as an "inferential obliteration of Mr. Stanton?" For instance, we are informed that the *Eagle* is edited by the husbands of Mrs. Kinsella, Mrs. Wood, and Mrs. Birch.

Does this fact "inferentially obliterate" Mr. Kinsella, Mr. Wood, and Mr. Birch?

Well, perhaps so. These gentlemen editorially unite in testifying that "Anna Dickinson wears number six-and-a-half gaiters"—a fact which shows that they must have got themselves, somehow, under woman's foot.

## ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME.

A correspondent in Oregon writes to us:—"If women go to the ballot-box, who will stay home and take care of the babies?" We answer, the same persons who now take care of the babies when the same women go to church.

It is astonishing to us that men—intelligent men—men who suppose themselves gifted with logical minds—can gravely urge against woman's suffrage the specious objection which thus comes to us from Oregon, and which has come to us from a thousand other benighted regions where the male sex holds undisputed political sway.

Suppose a woman to possess the ballot. How large a fraction of her lifetime must she necessarily spend in using it? When that other but not better citizen whom our political constitutions invest with the elective franchise, goes once or twice a year to the polls, does he begrudge the time, and strength, and energy, and inconvenience involved in performing this simple duty to the state? How many men, who are active both in business and in politics, spend half as great a fragment of their valuable time in attendance at the ballot-box, as they do in visits to the post-office? Does the possession or exercise of the elective franchise by a man interfere with any other duty or interest of his life? Does anybody ever exclaim, If men go to the ballot-box, who then will stay in the store, and attend to the business? And yet there are silly people in Oregon and elsewhere who think they are parading an argument when they put forth the poser, "If women go to the polls, who will stay with the cradle?"

One of the beauties of our republican system of government is that, except in extraordinary cases, a citizen's public duty does not interfere with his private interest, pleasure, or right. We live under a voluntary system. A man is not compelled to vote or hold an office against his will. And when women come into the rightful possession of the elective franchise, they will enjoy the same exemptions. They need not go to the polls, if they prefer to stay in the parlor. If the baby has the measles, and there is no nurse to confide the little creature to during its mother's absence, there will be nothing in the sixteenth amendment to compel that mother to forget her maternal instincts, or to sacrifice her private duty toward her infant for the sake of her public duty toward the commonwealth.

Our correspondent in Oregon will allow us to ask him a question in return: If a woman is compelled to go to the school-house, and earn her living as a teacher, who then will stay at home, and take charge of her children? And yet many a soldier's widow, left penniless but not childless, is compelled, every day of the week, to leave her own children, and to devote her ill-paid time to the education of others. If a woman is the wife of a drunken husband who does nothing for the support of his family, and she, the mother, is driven to

perform those money-earning labors which properly devolve upon him, the father, who then is to stay at home, and care for the little ones? And yet there are thousands, yea tens of thousands, of just such women, in just such homes, and living under just such pecuniary burdens. If a woman wishes to spend an evening at a Fifth-avenue party, or at Christina Neillson's concert, or at Anna Dickinson's lecture, who then is to stay at home, and watch over the little sleeper's crib? And yet it is no uncommon thing to see women at parties, at concerts, and at lectures—women, too, whose children, meanwhile, have been left in the very best of care at home.

Now, if a proper use of the elective franchise required a citizen's whole time, or any too great portion of it, we would not consider suffrage a desirable, useful, or tolerable boon to anybody, whether man or woman. But it will take no longer for a woman to vote than for a man. We make a calculation that it takes a man, say during a whole year, not more than a thousandth fraction of the time to vote which he spends in scratching his match to light his cigar!

We respectfully suggest to our correspondent that all the voting which will ever be done in Oregon—where, we trust, he regularly, systematically, and manfully goes to the polls—will require of the voter a smaller sum total of time, annually, than the least fastidious Oregonian white males ought to occupy, during the same period, in the healthy habit of picking their teeth.

#### OLIVE LOGAN.

Miss Logan returned last week from California, as brown as a nut, and as healthy as a muscular Christian; this in spite of the fact that she has been uninterruptedly journeying since last September—at least ten months of ceaseless activity—during which time she traveled over fifty thousand miles, or more than equal to twice around the world, lecturing one hundred and seventy nights, from Skowhegan, Maine, to San Francisco, Cal., and putting in circulation over \$75,000 in the way of "admission fees." As an illustration of the business of one active and successful woman, this record is one of which Olive Logan may feel proud. She is now at her home at the United States Hotel, New York, preparing her new lectures for next season—one on "The Passions" (talking about love, envy, avarice, etc.), and the other on "The Bright Side," a woman's plea for cheerfulness, amiability, joyousness and sunshine in the world. While not avowedly a lecturer on woman's rights, Miss Logan never faces an audience without saying some good, strong, ringing things on the right side of the woman question.

#### NO MORE AT PRESENT.

A letter appeared last week in the *Woman's Journal*, signed by initials enough to constitute nearly one-sixth of the English alphabet, and written apparently for the purpose of saying that the *Revolution* is "an unsafe guide on social questions."

If this insinuation was designed to hide a graver meaning than it superficially conveys, it is simply a fresh instance of the assumed moral superiority which sometimes laughably distinguishes the journal in which it appears.

It half prompts us to tell some very interesting but very gossipy tales concerning our critics and their inspirers, which, however, we will reserve until the provocation becomes a little more aggravating. Meanwhile, a good old proverb continues to warn the world, saying, "People who live in glass houses should never throw stones."

#### THE FIRST LIEUTENANCY.

The only way of our finding out, or even guessing at what has become of our Editor-in-chief during this hot weather, is to scrutinize the post-marks on the envelopes which bring us her weekly instalments of editorial manuscripts. The last enclosure came under a blurred stamp which, after one or two attempts to decipher it, seemed to say that she was resting awhile at Bethlehem, N. H. First at Long Branch, then at Newport, then at the White Mountains:—does this rapidly changing programme show the fickleness of woman? Yes, let us confess it, if only for the sake of adding that we hope her next trip will be homeward. We miss her from her office-desk—which stands by the window, locked, deserted, and lonesome. Meanwhile, fancy our assistant-editorial feelings! For, our chief goes off for a few weeks to drink a draft of mountain air, and during her short absence some of the New York papers, who have no mercy on our subordinate selves, are cruel enough to call public attention to the fact that *THE REVOLUTION* has been growing dull of late! We mention the sad criticism in the hope that this complaining paragraph will promptly meet Mrs. Bullard's eye, and induce her, notwithstanding the weather, to come back promptly to New York, and resume a pen which *THE REVOLUTION*'s critics grieve to see her even temporarily lay down. Of course, in her absence, we can simply do our best, not the best. "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." The price of *THE REVOLUTION* is two dollars a year. If anybody feels in a mood to subscribe, we hope that every such person will do so now, in order to encourage us in our attempt (at 98° in the shade) to supply the place of our superior officer, who is probably at this moment in the most serene and Christian mood of mind, saying to herself, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made Heaven and Earth."

#### AN ALMA MATER.

If everybody could have seen, as only we ourselves saw one day last week, in our sanctuary, the charming, bountiful, and radiant face of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton—just arrived from her country house in New Jersey—her cheeks like Newtown pippins in their delicate blush of healthful pink—her eyes twinkling with a hundred untold witticisms and anecdotes which she had no time to pour out upon us in their exhaustless copiousness—her matronly manner betokening the proud mother of many fair children:—Everybody would have fallen in love with her afresh, just as we did, and just as we always do. She is one of the chief, best, and greatest women of her time. Every new tête-à-tête which we enjoy with her—face to face, eye to eye, and soul to soul—impresses us more and more with a sense of her uncommon intellectual and moral strength. She is, beyond question, the queen (by divine right)

of the woman's movement in this country. People may criticize her, misrepresent her, caricature her, and vilify her, but she is a woman whose mind reaches to an infinite height above these small critics, and whose heart has attained to an experience of life, such as lends to her intellect even a greater wisdom than she has derived from her many studies, and her multitudinous books.

It was said of Coleridge that he was a great man who died leaving no adequate memorial of his greatness. Probably, at Mrs. Stanton's death, the like testimony will be borne. But while she lives, we are proud to point to her, not merely as to one of the most conspicuous, most reviled, and most brilliant of American women; but, since we are not in the habit of guaging people by their public reputation, but by their private life, as one of the truest, wisest, gentlest, and most loving specimens of woman-kind—yes, we will even go to the rash limit of speaking extravagantly in her honor and praise. She is one of the most heroic of souls. Her public career, name, and labors are as nothing compared to her inward strength, nobility, and majesty of soul. This makes us unrestrainedly indignant at the prevalent criticisms which are so freely made upon her, and particularly by men who are not worthy to stand in her presence. We never see, in any of the newspapers from Maine to Oregon, a scurrilous allusion to this great and good woman, but we resent it with a more than common disdain. We mean all we say, and more. It is lawful for women to love women, and we don't care if all the world knows that we take a woman's delight in loving Elizabeth Cady Stanton. We would be glad if she would make us a visit once a week from now till the end of our life.

Being a woman, and not averse to receiving compliments, *THE REVOLUTION* is happy to quote the following from *The Star*, New York, Nov. 19th:

*The Revolution* is well edited this week, and rather spicy. Its poetic selections are very good, and its contributed matter above the average.

We hope *The Star* will continue to read the journal which it thus generously commends, and above all, that in its hearty attempts to advocate the interests of the workmen, it will not forget the workingwomen. If the ballot belongs justly to the one class, it belongs justly also to the other. With a little added light on this subject, *The Star* would shine all the brighter on a benighted world.

A dreary and driveling clergyman named the Rev. J. Renwick Thompson, of Newburgh, writes from Saratoga to the *Newburgh Journal*, as follows:

"One striking feature about this whole woman's rights movement is, that the majority of those that engineer it are not distinguished for their piety."

This is true; and the same is true of the clergy, and particularly of the Rev. J. Renwick Thompson, who, at a season of the year when he is most needed to provide spiritual comfort to his drooping flock, deserts them like a vagabond shepherd, and goes away to join a vagabond shepherd at a fashionable watering-place.

*The Woman's Journal*, in referring to Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, asks, "Do you know him?" To which (since the question is put so directly) we answer, Yes, but we don't like him.

## About Women.

Miss Mary L. Booth intends to get out a new edition of her *History of New York*.

Mrs. H. F. Durant, of Boston, has given \$10,000 worth of books to Mount Holyoke Seminary.

A very domestic and devoted wife says she cares more for her eccentric husband's income than she does for his outgo.

Akron pays the lady principal of its high school a salary of \$2,000, and at Cuyahoga Falls, Miss Booth is superintendent of the Union Schools, with a salary of \$1,800.

Old maids don't believe in the proverb, "Man proposes," etc.

We know of one who not only believes that man does the "aforesaid," but also that women disposes.

Mrs. Virginia Terhune, of Newark, (Marion Harland,) is engaged this summer upon a new novel, the most ambitious effort, so 'tis said, that the gifted authoress has yet put forth.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that widows who cry easy are first to marry again. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

How is it with widowers? Are they not more likely to re-write after a shower?

A sensible woman is Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson, who holds that "a woman who can excel in cooking and housekeeping is just as noble as one who edits a newspaper, or the woman who may eventually enter our Congress and Legislature."

Mrs. Walker, wife of a Hartford clergyman, has been awarded the prize of six hundred dollars, sometime ago offered by Mr. Henry Hoyt, of Boston, for the best Sabbath-school book in manuscript. Her book is entitled "Both Sides of the Street."

A fellow who "knows about farming" thinks the reason why Adam and Eve had so much trouble in the garden was because they raised Cain before they got able. However, it did not make so much difference, for they turned out well.

A Baltimore paper says that a young lady was recently discharged from one of the largest pickle factories in that city, because she was so sweet she took the acid out of all the vinegar.

We should like to see that young lady try her powers on a family jar we saw last week. We think it would have taken more lasses than one to preserve the sweetness in that household. There was too much vinegar in the "mother," and the father was a little Tartar.

So much as one holds woman in esteem,  
Purely or basely as he deals with love,  
So much is his regard for honor, or  
So little; such the honor he receives!  
Who not himself respects, honors not woman,  
Who does not honor woman, knows he love?  
Who knows not love, can he know honor then?  
Who knows not honor, what has he beside?

Miss Anna Morrison, a beautiful California girl, is stumping the State in opposition to woman suffrage.

Miss Anna must be one of those retiring, modest creatures who are fearful that the ballot may force them into public life!

"When I am in a crowded car," said a male advocate of woman's rights, "and a lady comes in, I think it is the duty of some man to get up and give her his seat. I look around the car to see if any man in the crowd looks like making a move in that direction, and when I see them all keep their seats, I hide my face behind my newspaper, and blush for my sex."

The writer of the above paragraph certainly lives in New York, as a person answering to the description, minus the blush, has been encountered in the cars here several times lately.

The ballot cannot be denied to woman on the ground that she has not the intelligence and discernment to use it well. Many women unquestionably have such intelligence, and there is scarce room for doubt that women, as a body, would vote as wisely as men. \* \* \* \* \* Woman's qualification for the ballot, on the score of intelligence, must be conceded at once, but it is by no means certain that all should vote who have intelligence.—*President Fairchild.*

"Why halt ye between two opinions?"

The ballot is not denied men on account of ignorance, nor inability to perform military duty; neither on account of immorality—sometimes, even not for crime. If woman's "intelligence" be not a qualification, nor even her moral standard, pray, tell me, what should qualify one to exercise the right of franchise, or, in other words, to be a free agent of one's own capacity for "self-government?" Oh, Justice! art thou blind, or deaf, or lame, or, shall I say it?—Oh, Justice! art thou unjust?—*Harriet T. Brooks, Chicago.*

## THE PROGRESS WHICH THE CAUSE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS HAS MADE IN THE LAST THREE MONTHS.

[Translated from the *Bulletin of the International Association of Women*, edited by Madame Goegg, of Geneva, Switzerland.]

It is no easy task to sum up what has been accomplished in our cause, for the activity has been so marked everywhere that one is at a loss where to begin. And yet there are people who doubt the final success of the campaign in favor of women's rights.

The question which occupies us acquires more and more vital interest, and the apparent check of a day serves only to redouble the zeal of the combatants. It is true that England has seen the bill of Mr. Jacob Bright laid on the table by the Chamber of Commons, after passing to a third reading, and that the Parliament has also, after a four hours' deliberation, resolved to maintain the Contagious Diseases Acts in spite of the numerous petitions and protests against them, from the most distinguished and purest of English men and women. But this is only a momentary defeat. It has often happened in England that a useful law, presented by an influential member of the Chamber of Commons, and sustained by a powerful minority, has been repulsed for many years, but has finally triumphed through perseverance and activity. The well-known history of the Corn Laws is a case in point, to which Cobden and others gave years of effort, and which were passed only when Sir Robert Peel broke with the Tories, and allied himself with the progressive party. The advocates of women's rights are not dismayed by their check in England.

France has not been idle, though her activities have been of a different nature. There is no defeat to chronicle, for, unhappily, she is not advanced enough for that; and it will be a proud day for us when the *Corps Legislatif* shall, in the discussion and vote upon the rights of women, reckon a minority on our side of ninety-four deputies. What France has done is this—she has formed a national organization, of which both men and women are members, and which will, we hope, be the means of great service to the cause.

From Dresden we learn that in theory, if not in practice, a step has been taken in the matter of the equal rights of women; for the Liberal party has issued its platform, in which it declares that woman should be put on a perfect equality with man in politics.

In Holland, two new journals for women have simultaneously appeared. *Onze Roeeping* (our vocation) and *Onze Sheven* (our aspirations); the first is edited by Miss Betsy Perk, with whom we have had some correspondence.

Italy, thanks to the perseverance of M. Salvatore Morelli, has had a triumph in which we greatly rejoice. This honorable Italian deputy has succeeded in making the committee appointed by the Chamber of Deputies admit that woman had a right to be an elector. If the Chamber of Deputies ratifies the action of the committee, Italian women will be put in possession of the same rights that English women gained last year—that of the municipal franchise.

In Germany the cause moves on successfully. The last news that reaches us from this quarter is the issue at Berlin of the *Frauen Anwalt*, a paper under the management of

Jenny Hirsch, assisted by Louise Buchner, Fanny Lewald, Johanna Goldschmidt, and other writers of merit and reputation. This publication is the organ of the society formed last September under the presidency of Prof. Holzendorf, as the *Neue Bahnen*, established at Leipzig by Madame Louise Otto Peters five years since, is the organ of the "Association of German women," which was formed in 1865, and which, this year, will hold its annual meeting at Nordhausen, from the 2d to the 7th of October next.

We must not leave Germany without mentioning the cry of suffering which comes to us from Vienna, where an assemblage of 4,000 workwomen related the grievances of which they had to complain.

In Switzerland, although this movement is regarded by the majority of the people as "an extravagant idea imported from America," an important question has been raised touching upon this subject. The point raised was, whether women were *capable* of becoming employees in the telegraph offices. Last month, after a three weeks' course, pursued in common by young men and young women, forty-five of the former, and twenty-six of the latter, presented themselves for examination. The following was the result:

	Men.	Women.
Pronounced to be of the 1st class, 2	4	
" " " 2d " 12	12	
" " " 3d " 24	9	
Those who did not pass,	6	1

These figures speak for themselves, and further comment is unnecessary.

From Russia we learn that women have been admitted to offices under government. The positions given them are subordinate ones, it is true; but the gain is not a small one. It is the admission of a principle, and gives us a precedent which guarantees us greater success in the future, and we are glad to chronicle such a step in advance. While speaking of Russia we must acknowledge here the receipt of letters from many Russians, who say that they "are surprised to see Russia omitted among the list of European nations which are enrolled in this movement;" and we will explain here that we have been obliged, greatly to our regret, to suppress the names and addresses of our Russian sympathizers and adherents, because of the arbitrary laws in that country, which would make it dangerous for our friends there to be known as belonging to our body.

In America, where our cause numbers thousands of advocates of both sexes, the progress has been in proportion to the zeal displayed.

Pennsylvania has passed a law giving to a woman directed by her husband for the space of two years, all her rights of property as an independent woman, before the law.

We cannot pass unnoticed, in speaking of America, an event which has caused a change in the methods of work of our esteemed fellow-laborers, Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony. Without entering into details, we will simply state that the two societies formed to promote the cause of woman's suffrage, the National Woman's Suffrage Association, under the management of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, and the American Woman's Suffrage Association, have been merged into one body, the Union Woman's Suffrage Society, under the presidency of Mr. Theodore Tilton, who was the adviser and promoter of this most de-



sirable union of all the forces into one organization.

Our friends, Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, are to enter the lecture-field, to speak far and wide on the subject of the rights of women. *THE REVOLUTION*, established and edited by Miss Anthony, has, in consequence of these changes, passed into the hands of a stock company.

Our European friends have made some mistakes with regard to the action of the two societies in America. We hope, however, that this foreign statement of the union of all the friends of the cause into one common organization is merely a little premature, and that we may soon have the pleasure of announcing the "consummation most devoutly to be wished."

### SAVED BY THE SEA.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

A soft sandy beach, with a back-ground of clayey cliffs, grass-grown toward the top, and leading, when you had climbed them, like Jack's immortal bean-stalk, to quite a new country of flat fields and hedgerows and trees; a *caserne*, and lines of ramparts and fortifications; a tall column in the distance, surmounted by an imperial figure; on the beach, bathing-boxes and machines, and sturdy professional bathing-women, whose sex is only indicated by negations, such as the lack of positive beard; on the beach, too, groups of loungers, and joyous strings of bathers hurrying in and out of the water; on the water, a few fishing-boats, and a far-off steamer or two; on the cliffs, soldiers in blue coats and white gaiters; to the right, if you look from the water, a port, a pier, and a town; to the left, the ruins of an old fort; and, over all, a bright, blue, cloudless sky, in the light of which every object looks sharp, as if cut in card-board; these are the chief components of the scene which serves as a stage for the story I am about to tell.

Nobody needs to be told that I have been describing a watering-place on one of the coasts of France. Go into the town, and study its society, and you will find it, to a great extent, the paradise of rowdiness, British and American; the sanctuary and protecting altar of the fraudulent bankrupt, the Alsatia of the broken-down swindler, the retreat of ruined reputation, the resting-spot to which discomfited blackguardism falls back for a fresh spring. But if you only wander a little outside the town and the hotels and lodging-houses, and the *etablissement* and the *news-rooms*, you will come upon a life as unlike that I have been describing as the life to be found five miles inland from the banks of the Rhine—either way, at Coblenz or St. Goar—is to that which you meet at the steamboat stations.

There came to this French town some years ago, fate-impelled, a young American gentleman and his sister. They were orphans; they had some fortune—not much, but enough to live quietly and travel on—and one of the two, the girl, was in weakly health. They went about Europe a good deal in search of health for her, and they did not find it. They came at last to this particular town, and there, by what must have been a singular chance, its fresh, sharp breezes, and its exposed situation, seemed to do good to the invalid, and revive her, although most of her physicians had warned her against just such a locality. She

took, in fact, a liking to the place; and so her brother hired lodgings for her and himself outside the town, and near the cliffs. They lounged along the beach in the sun every day; they made a few acquaintances; the girl, to whom no medicine in the world could do any good, was happy, or as nearly so as might be, while she was allowed to linger there. The place could not give her life, but it gave her some little brightness during the closing days of her life, and a happy delusion under which she believed in her own possible restoration to health, and to her native land. When she died—which came to pass rather suddenly, and almost without pain—the physicians were surprised that she had lived so long, and attributed the fact in great measure to the liking she had taken for the place, and the pleasure its sea beach and its scenery gave her. Therefore, her brother felt gratefully toward the spot which she had loved, and which had cheered her fading days; and he lingered there, vacant of purpose but bound to the place, after her remains had been laid in the Protestant churchyard.

The young American girl had not made many friends, and, of course, had not mixed at all in the queer foreign society, English and American chiefly, which gained for the town its odd reputation. Two especial friends of her own sex she had, and, of course, being her friends, they had the friendship of her brother as well. One of the friends would have reflected, in the genteel opinion of society on the beach, little credit on the American lady. The wives and sisters, and daughters of the most shady and seedy of the bankrupt refugees in the town would doubtless have scorned to acknowledge any friendly relations with such a person. For it was a fisher-girl—a poor, simple fisher-girl—who carried a basket on her back, and commonly tramped the beach with skirts, or a skirt—I doubt if she had more than one—as short as any ballet-dancer's, and no stockings or *maillots*, or any covering whatever, for the well-developed, firm, symmetrical legs, which the sun was free to scorch and the waves to drench, and any one with an eye for form, to admire all day long. The other friend of our American sister was a young French lady about her own age, Lucille Desterre, by name, who lived with her father in an oddly shaped, rambling white house, with fantastic gables and green *jalousies* and a weather-cock, which stood in a field right over the cliffs, and sometimes flashed in the sunlight like a meteor across the eyes of passengers on the deck of the English steamers miles away.

The American girl had made the acquaintance of both these on the beach, and the acquaintance had ripened into warm and sincere friendship. With the free ways of unmarried women in her own country, she talked to the bare-legged fisher-lass as frankly as to the young French lady. She and her brother were frequent visitors at the *chateau* on the heights, and her death, when it came, threw that house into grief, and sent the fisher-girl into passionate prayer before the shrine of the Virgin, Star of the Sea, whose wooden form, all bedizened with glaring blue and gold, looks out everlastingly across the waters.

The point of all this introduction is that Frank Churchill, the young American grew to be deeply in love with Lucille Desterre, and unconsciously taught her to love him. He began to have thoughts of settling down

in this French sea-port, which was the grave of his sister and the home of his love. M. Desterre, the father, quite approved of our hero's plans, love projects and all, and our hero had no one else to consult on the matter. Everything ought to have gone perfectly smooth, and would doubtless have done so, but that two emperors intervened. The Emperor Napoleon and the ill-fated young man who was called for a short time Emperor of Mexico, struck a heavy blow at the peace of our lovers. For M. Desterre was an old soldier, and a devoted Bonapartist, and he went in with extravagant hope and delight for the policy of the Mexican intervention, which Churchill, as a true American and advocate of the Monroe doctrine, felt bound to oppose and condemn. So they debated and then disputed, and at last Desterre not merely would have a quarrel, but declared, with all possible solemnity, that his daughter should never, never have his consent to marry one who was obviously an enemy of Napoleon, and, by necessary consequence, a foe to France, and an obstructor of her high providential mission.

By this time, too, the American civil war had swelled to such proportions that Churchill grew ashamed of himself for vegetating on a sunny foreign sea-beach, while his friends at home were in arms for their country. Were he a favored and happy lover, were he a bridegroom of twelve hours' date, he felt that he must none the less have gone to take a post in the Federal army; and now that clouds looked so black on his love-suit, he really saw nothing better for him to do than to go to the war and fight and die in a good cause. Bitterly as Lucille felt the parting, she saw only too clearly that it was inevitable. Time, she hoped, would change her father's determination; time, even in France, sets daughters at last free to choose husbands for themselves, independently of their fathers' will; and, moreover, it was not hard to persuade a spirited French girl, child of an old soldier and patriot, that her lover owed a duty to his country more immediate than even the fealty which he owed to his love. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more," are noble words which Lucille Desterre could have appreciated and taken to heart better than most girls. The late civil war has taught most American girls to feel and value the spirit which inspires them.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

The New York *Herald* says:

General Grant is a practical woman's rights man in the distribution of the spoils. In a little batch of post-office appointments sent up to the Senate on the Wednesday morning before adjourning, the following were gallantly provided for: Mary J. Edwards, post-mistress at Portland, Connecticut; Margaret Silliman, at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, (a nice place,) and Mary Lawrence, at Minerville, Pennsylvania; and generally the ladies are remembered in every batch of these post-office appointments, and not one of them, so far, has turned out a failure. Poor widows of Union soldiers, or deserving women in other respects, have thus, in many cases, been properly remembered in the distribution of the offices which intelligent women can fill as well and better than men. The idea is a good one, and Gen. Grant is entitled to some credit for it, beginning with the Richmond (Va.) postoffice.

Miss Charlotte Cushman is reported seriously ill in London.

"Vaulting Ambition"—Building an expensive tomb.

## WOMEN AND WAR.

The following very able and sensible address has been translated for our columns by Mrs. Matilda Wendt, the editor of the *Neue Zeit*. It will be not only sent to the woman's rights paper in Paris, *Le Droit des Femmes*, but will also be most extensively circulated among the German people, who are in sympathy with its spirit.—ED. REV.

NEW YORK, July, 1870.

CITIZENS AND CITIZENESSES OF FRANCE: The present war has shown again what is the glorious civilization of the nineteenth century. It has shown that the great majority of men are fettered with the bonds of a barbarity dating its origin from those old ages during which man, struggling for his existence, began to develop himself out of his animal into his present condition.

But it is not only the great mass of thoughtless people who, following the call of a despot, become unaware of their own welfare, and are inspired with a foolish enthusiasm for phantoms as ridiculous as "the glory and the honor of a nation" must be to judicious contemporaries. No! These are not the only ones intoxicated by the anticipated vapors of our uselessly murdered brethren's blood, so that they seem to have never listened with delight to those great doctrines of the unity of all the peoples, of the fraternity of all the nations. Alas! it is with profound sorrow, with intense grief, that we see how even many of our best friends, of our truest allies in all questions of universal importance, deceive themselves about the state of affairs; how they expect this shameful combat between harmless men to bring about the final welfare of the nations. Only one excuse for them may possibly be suggested: their reason is carried away by their hopes and wishes. They will soon understand that they judged too rashly in believing that the cause of the revolution would be advanced in the least by a war caused by diplomatists, under the auspices of Bonaparte. For the cause of revolution, the cause of the deliverance of mankind from all yokes whatever, should be the only one worthy of our sympathy; the question in what country of the globe we happened to be born should be of no importance with us in regard to this contest.

And because these are our convictions, our impression must be that the mere possibility of a war nowadays is nothing but a repeated act of Nemesis; that is, of the inexorable logic, inseparable from the sequence of historical facts. It is the same which our poet, Friedrich Schiller, expresses by the following verses:

It is an evil action's imprecation,  
That ever-breeding evil it must cause!

By a war like this, more than a thousand times already, has been revenged on mankind that injustice which causes one-half of it to remain deprived of all rights bestowed upon the other. And that injustice by which all women are excluded from expressing and enforcing their opinion in all political affairs, is stronger yet for this reason, that women are, by such a barbarity, most injured.

The fallen warriors are gone, and only those surviving are left to grief, to sorrow, to misery. The wounded must be attended to, and the crippled must be cared for.

But who does survive? Whose lot is that of an attendant? And whose heart is to break first by the sight of a beloved, creeping about with his mutilated limbs? Whose, if not woman's, be she his mother, his wife, his bride, his daughter, or his sister? Woman's, who, by a long and incessant endurance of similar hardships, gained the poor reputation of a sufferer "par excellence," which poets and fantasists deemed to be bestowed upon her as a divine gift!

And is she ever asked if she will consent to a war, the consequences of which will always fall upon her with the utmost severity? No! Never! Without any thought as to the misery to which their wives and children will be left, the misled men rush into a boot, less slaughter—into a useless bloodshed; nay, more than that, the thoroughly false education of mankind causes us to witness this deplorable spectacle, that women, in spite of their own interest, and those of humanity, yet more incite those men to acts from which they should keep them back with all their strength, in order that they may not become mourning widows, and their children fatherless orphans.

Thus this war adds another to the innumerable proofs which life furnishes every day, confirming the principle, that the fully established emancipation of

woman in all spheres of life, especially in politics, is the only means by which a true and lasting progress of civilization can, at present, be secured.

For, if this be the case, war, with many other oppressions, will be an impossibility. Instead of obeying their despots' orders, urged by an artificial hatred, which is not based upon any sensible reason, and instead of tearing each other to pieces, like wild beasts, the men will then shake hands as brethren, prevented from fratricide by their wives; they will unite to free themselves from their despots' yokes, and then live in unbroken peace.

We have read with great delight, that at Paris many members of the International Workman's Association made demonstrations for peace between the two nations, which even led to struggles with Bonaparte's armed forces; and also, that several newspapers defended the same cause with this Association, though for this offense against tyranny they have been confiscated.

We are convinced that the idea of universal peace between all the nations of the globe will surely triumph, and that its victory will take place the sooner, the sooner we abolish that great injustice, a consequence of ancient prejudices which deprives women of participation in public affairs. Ours is the only device that will lead us to victory: Equal rights for all!

We thought it to be our duty to express by words these our sentiments; so that you, citizens and citizenesses of France, should not be led to believe the voice of reason and of humanity would not be heard on the part of the Germans, amidst all the appalling shouts of a contracted "patriotism," which, we regret to state, sound from every part of the world where the German language is spoken.

## LETTER OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

BY FLORENCE BURLEIGH.

Dear Revolution: I am going to begin this letter by using some words of one who gives good advice to young writers: "Is there any subject on which you feel so deeply and vividly, that it seems to you that you have something to say on that subject? If it be so, then try to put that something into the very clearest, plainest and simplest words that you can." Taking this for my guide, I shall endeavor, while my dinner is cooking, to say what I think about the want of lecturers throughout the land.

Some one has said, "What's a newspaper without a woman writer?" I say, What's a town or village, even, without a woman speaker? I should like to see every town and hamlet blessed with one or more. I should like to see a lecture-room or hall in every place where two or three could meet together. I'd like for a day, or at least half a day, to be set apart once a week for public speaking. Everybody, male and female, should be invited, and made to understand that good order must be observed and close attention given, for this is the woman's meeting! And then some venerable mother, or aunt, or, mayhap, a young sister, should arise, and taking her text, not from the Bible, but some homely practical subject, easily understood and of interest to all, and preach—yes, preach—a sermon to women. A sermon is not necessarily confined to religion; and I would call them sermons, rather than lectures, because a sermon gives admonition and friendly advice, while a lecture merely elucidates its subjects, or speculates on its theory. Beside, we need more speakers, to give information to the ignorant, who are ignorant only of the good of this cause; and because they have no means of gaining knowledge of it, we need speakers to go among our countrywomen and residents of remote villages to set forth all the principles on which our great cause is based, to tell them

what we are striving for, and why, and then ask them—Will you think of it?

Remember, friends of reform, how many there are who know absolutely nothing of this matter. Hundreds of women are plodding wearily along the old beaten track laid out for them ages ago, knowing little or nothing of what is being done for their emancipation. But what little is borne by them, by accident or otherwise, is treasured in their inmost hearts with faith equaled only by that of the Athenians who inscribed an altar "to the unknown God." Paul preached to them, saying, "Whom ye, therefore, ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." Here, as at Thessalonica, he preached, not to men alone, to women also; for of those who believed at the former place, it is said, "Of the devout Greeks a great multitude, and of the chief women not a few." In the midst of Mar's hill, Paul stood, surrounded by a multitude of eager faces hungry for truth and light to be cast on their darkened lives; yes, light such as the Creator caused to exist, that He might view His works, and pronounce them good. Such a scene might be enacted in our own land and our own day, for there are minds as inquiring and eager as those above mentioned, which ought to be fed, and who can do this better than women speakers?

"Let there be light."

Let lecturers be sent out like missionaries to enlighten the untaught masses of our land. Let them spring up everywhere, wherever there is one who has anything to say, be it never so little; let her constitute herself a lecturer, or, as I said before, a woman preacher, and say a good word for the woman's cause. Let her tell it in the pulpit if she can, or even in the school-house, or, if not permitted to use this, let her lead the assembly, be it great or small, to some sylvan spot, and there, amid balmy breezes, rich masses of foliage, resounding with bird songs, let her tell to her anxious sisters the glad tidings of great joy.

"Let there be light."

Even as the Bible enjoins men to "Go ye and preach the Gospel to all nations," even so I would say to those who are able so to do, Go ye wherever you can find a Mar's bill—yes, go ye and proclaim Reform to all women, and then, and not till then, can you view your work, and see that it is good.

MONTGOMERY CO., IND.

## WOMEN PHYSICIANS.

We wish to call special attention to the very liberal offer of our friend Dr. R. F. Trall, which we publish below.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

In her excellent article on Idle Women, Mrs. Wilkes says: "There is a crying need for educated female physicians. Every town should have one. It will be years before this demand can be filled. A large part of the physician's duties will, in time, pass into woman's hands."

Every word of the above is gospel truth. There is a special and steadily increasing demand for physicians of the Hygienic school. Last year, I offered, through THE REVOLUTION, to present free scholarship to twenty-five women who would come to me endorsed as unable to pay their way. Fifteen women availed themselves of the offer. All were well pleased, and a majority of them are now practicing as physicians or assistants, or have employment in Health Institutions. Several have situations in one Hygienic Home.

Mrs. Susan J. Hunter, colored, formerly of Xenia, Ohio, has been appointed postmistress at Jackson, Louisiana.

IF ONLY.

If only in my dreams I once might see  
Thy face; though thou shouldst stand  
With cold, unreachin' hand,  
Nor vex thy lips to break  
The silence, with a word for my love's sake,  
Nor turn to mine thine eyes,  
Serene with the long peace of Paradise,  
Yet, henceforth, life would be  
More sweet, not wholly bitter unto me.

If only I might know for verity,  
That when the light is done  
Of this world's sun,  
And that unknown, long-sealed  
To sound and sight is suddenly revealed,  
That thine should be the first dear voice thereof,  
And thine dear face the first—O love, my love!  
Then coming death would be  
Sweet, ah, most sweet—not bitter unto me!

From the Overland Monthly for July.

AN APPEAL TO THE BENEVOLENT.

The "Sisters of the Stranger" need money to enable them to carry on their work. Unusually heavy demands upon them this summer have exhausted their means, and they are unable to give the relief needed in several cases of interest now before them. Among these are the following: 1. A young man who came from Boston about five months ago. He is sober and industrious, and has daily sought employment, thus far without success. He hopes to obtain a situation in the Fall, but meantime he must live. The rent of his room is accumulating. His wife is ill. The "Sisters" have supplied infants' wardrobe, physician, nurse, and money for food, but they can do nothing more until their funds are replenished. 2. A widow defrauded of a comfortable home, gained by the industry of years, came from Central New York to this city hoping to earn a livelihood for herself and invalid daughter. Without friends to recommend her she is unable to find employment, and is now without a dollar. She asks for means to take her daughter to Syracuse. 3. Another widow, with two small children, utterly destitute, who begs for a free passage to her home in Richmond, Va. 4. A man from Pennsylvania, thrown out of work several months ago by the death of his employer. No money for rent or food. Broken in health, he will go in a hospital if he can raise sufficient money to send his wife and child to Taunton, Mass. These are but a few of worthy people who are suffering in this great city. Doubtless there are many who wish to help the poor, but who have not time to ascertain whether their statements are true. If such persons will send their contributions to this Society, the ladies will see that they are properly bestowed. Any amount sent will be applied as designated by the donor.

Shall not this appeal be met with a prompt and generous response?

Address, CECILE STURTEVANT,  
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